

Prince. Come hither *Francis*.

*Francis*. My Lord.

Prince. How long hast thou to serue, *Francis*?

*Francis*. Forsooth fife yeares, and as much as to

*Poines*. *Francis*.

*Francis*. Anone, anone sir.

Prince. Fife yeares, berlady along lease for the chincking of Pewter: But *Francis*, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it?

*Francis*. O Lord sir, Ile be sworne vpon all the bookes in England, I could find in my heart.

*Poines*. *Francis*.

*Francis*. Anone sir.

Prince. How old art thou *Francis*?

*Francis*. Let me see, about *Michaelmas* next I shall be

*Poines*. *Francis*.

*Francis*. Anone sir, pray you stay a little, my Lord.

Prince. Nay but harke you *Francis*, for the Sugar thou gauest me, 'twas but a penny worth, wast not?

*Francis*. O Lord, I would it had beene two.

Prince. I will giue thee for it a thousand pound, aske mee when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.

*Poines*. *Francis*.

*Francis*. Anon, anone.

Prince. Anon *Francis*? No *Francis*, but to morrow *Francis*, or *Francis*, on thurseday: or indeed *Francis*, when thou wilt: But *Francis*.

*Francis*. My Lord.

Prince. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Ierkin, Christall button, Not-pated, Agar ring, Puke stocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spanish pouch?

*Francis*. O Lord sir, who do you meane?

Prince. Why then your Browne bastarde is your onelie drinke: for looke you *Francis*, your White canuasse doublet will sulley. In *Barbary* sir, it cannot come to so much.

*Francis*. What sir;

*Poines*. *Francis*.

Prince. Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them call?

¶ Heere they both call him, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to goe.

Enter *Vintner*.

*Vint.*

*Vint*. What, standst thou still, and hearest such a calling? looketo the Ghestes within. My Lord, old sir *John* with halfe a dozen more, are at the dore, shall I let them in?

*Prin*. Let them alone awhile, & then open the dore: *Poines*.

*Poines*. Anone, anone sir.

Enter *Poines*.

*Prin*. Sirra, *Falstaffe* and the rest of the Theeues, are at the doore, shall we be merry?

*Poin*. As merry as Crickets, my lad: but harke yee, what cunning match haue you made with this iest of the Drawer; come, what's the issue?

*Prin*. I am now of al humors, that haue shewed themselves humors, since the old daies of good man *Adam*, to the pupill age of this present Twelue a cloke at midnight. What's a clocke *Francis*?

*Francis*. Anone, anone sir.

*Prin*. That euer this fellow should haue fewer words then a Parret, & yet the son of a Woman. His industry is vp staires and downe staires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Perceys* mind, the *Hotspur* of the North, he that kills me some 6 or 7. dozen of *Scots* at a breakfast, washes his hands, and sayes to his wife, Fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my sweet *Harry* sayes she! how many hast thou kild to day? Giue my Roan horse a drench (sayes he) and answers, some fourteene, an hour after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in *Falstaffe*, Ile play *Percy*, and that damnde *Bramme* shall play Dame *Mortimer* his wife. *Riuo*, saies the drunkard: call in ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter *Falstaffe*.

*Poines*. Welcome *Iacke*, where hast thou beene?

*Fals*. A plague of all cowards I say, and a vengeance too, marry & Amen: giue me a cup of sack boy. Ere I lead this life long, Ile sow neather stocks, & mend them, & foot them too. A plague of all cowards; Giue me a cup of sacke, rogue, is there no vertue extant?

*Prin*. Didst thou neuer see *Titan* kisse a dish of butter, pittifull hearted *Titan* that melted at the sweet tale of the Sun? if thou didst, then behold that compound.

D. 3

*Fals*.